As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
Giue him the Crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
I must needs haue you friends.

Flew. By Iesus, the fellowe hath mettall enough in his belly.
Harke you souldier, There is a shilling for you,
And keepe your selfe out of brawles,
And prabbles, and dissentions,
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.

Soul. Ile none of your money sir, not I.

Flew. Why tis a good silling man:
Why should you be queamish?
Your shooes are not so good.
It will serue you to mend your shooes.

Kin. What men of sort are taken vnckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
Iohn Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchquall*.
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French, that in the fielde lyes slaine.
Of Nobles bearing banners in the fielde,
Charles de le Brute, high Constanble of France,
Iaques of *Chatillian*, Admirall of France,
The master of the Crosse-bowes, *Iohn* Duke *Alonson*,
Lord *Rambieres*, high Master of France.
The braue sir *Gwigzard*, Dolphin. Of *Nobelle Charillas*,
Gran *Prie* and *Rosse*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*,
Gerard and *Verton*, *Vandemant* and *Lestra*.

King. Heeres was a royall fellowship of death,
Where is the number of our English dead?

Exe. Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Esquire;
And of all the other, but fiue and twenty.

King. O God, thy arme was heere,
And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise:

When

When without stratageme,
And euen in shocke of battell, was euer h
So great and little losse, on one part and a
Take it O God, for it is onely thine.

Exe. Tis wonderfull.

Kin. Come, let vs go on procession thr
Let it be death proclaim'd to any man
To boast heereof, or take the praise from
Which is his due.

Flew. Is it lawfull, and it please your M
To tell how many is kild?

Kin. Yes Flewellen,
But with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

Flew. Yes in my conscience, he did vs g
kin. Let there be sung Nououes and Te
The dead with charity enter'd in clay:
Weel then to *Calice*, and to England ther
Where nere from *France*, arriu'd more hap

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. But why do you weare your L
Saint *Danies* is past?

Flew. There is occasion Captaine *Gow*
Looke you why, and wherefore:
The other day looke you, *Pistolles*
Which you know is a man of no merites
In the worell, is come where I was the o
And brings bread and salt, and birdes m
Eate any Leeke: twas in a place, looke y
Where I could moue no dissentions,
But if I can see him, I shall tell him
A little of my desires.

Gow. Heere he comes swelling like a T